

If I were to own this countryside

As far as a man in a day could ride,

And the Tyes were mine for giving or letting,†

Wingle Tye and Margaretting

Tye, -and Skreens, Gooshays, and Cockerells,

Shellow, Rochetts, Bandish, and Pickerells,

Martins, Lambkins, and Lillyputs,

Their coopes, ponds, roads, and ruts,

Fields where plough-horses steam and plovers

Fling and whimper, hedges that lovers ~~have~~

Love, and orchards, shrubberies, walls

Where the sun untroubled by north wind falls,

And single trees where the thrush sings well

His proverbs untranslatable,

I would give them all to my son

If he would let me any one

For a song, a blackbird's song, at dawn.

He should have no more, till on my lawn

Never a one was left, because I

Had shot them to put them into a pie,-

His Essex blackbirds, every one,

And I was left old and alone.

Then unless I could pay, for rent, a song

As sweet as a blackbird's, and as long -

No more - he should have the house, not I:

Margaretting or Wingle Tye,

Or it might be Skreens, Gooshays, or Cockerells,

Shellow, Rochetts, Bandish, or Pickerells,

Martins, Lambkins, or Lillyputs,

Should be his till the cart tracks had no ruts.